

The Newcomer

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Newton County: Indiana's Youngest County

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A Welcome Awaits Our Returning Heroes

—Headline from the Newton County Enterprise, November 21, 1918

By Beth Bassett

The local newspapers deserve high accolades for their contributions toward the war effort. The humble owners would have shrugged the accolades, stating that they were "just doing their job." Perhaps they did not initially realize the importance of 'their job' at the time or understand the impact it would have on future generations. Their publications unveil the community fortitude our ancestors carried with them before, during and after the Great War. One hundred years after the fact, it needs to be said, "Thanks, for a job well done."

Newton County residents surely celebrated the news of the Armistice on November 11, 1918. Energies spent toward raising money for Liberty Bonds and the Red Cross, fulfilling obligations of the Home Guard and War Mothers, and families compensating for the departure of a farm or business worker, would shift toward welcoming back their way of life before the Great War.

Boys "Over There" Want to Come Home

The weekly published soldier's letters initially resounded with the excitement of travelling to new places, experiences of life at boot camp, and thankfulness for the hand-made items sent by the local Red Cross. Over the course of a few months, the effects of the war on the writers could be seen between the lines of their letters.

On the front: In late September 1918, U.S. troops were fighting in the area of the Meuse-Argonne Forest. By the time fighting stops, 1.2 million troops have arrived at the front. In October, Germany's new chancellor asks President Wilson to arrange peace based upon his 14-point speech given in January. Wilson forwards this request to the other allies. On November 4, 1919 Austria-Hungary surrenders and orders demobilization - on November 9th, Kaiser Wilhelm abdicates and leaves Germany.

Excerpts of letter Samuel E. Molter, France, November 6, 1918 to Mr. Davis

"Dear Mr. Davis - Just a line or so that you may know that we are still here where things are happening thick and fast. We go to bed while the big guns bark, and we wake while they are still barking. But the most fun is watching the anti-aircraft guns try to shoot down the Boche (German) planes. I have seen them upon five different occasions, but they have never succeeded in bringing any down. You see they fly at such an altitude that fire from the ground is very ineffective. But they do keep them guessing so that whatever their purpose may be they invariably fail to accomplish it. The attacks after night are much more spectacular. Great searchlights sweep the sky and after they succeed in locating the plane they pepper away with the guns. We have been in the habit of standing out in the open while the fight is on, little realizing the danger. What curious American boy wouldn't want to do the same? ... It looks as if this awful affair would soon be over, but even so, I think it will be some time before we see the Statue of Liberty again.

"This Christmas will be the first I have ever spent away from home but if my plans are not interfered with, I expect to spend the most pleasant time of all. You see there are quite a number of quite pitiful refugees quartered here in the camp where our school is located, and a number of them are the dearest little children you ever saw. The fathers have given their lives for France, their homes are destroyed and their mothers, if living, are here partly under the care of the government, and they pick up a few coins by washing for the Americans. Well I'm going to try to give the whole outfit a real Christmas. ... We are going to have a real tree and of course I insisted on being Santa Claus because I acted in that capacity so many times when I was in school, that I believe I am quite proficient in the art. ... If my work doesn't take me so far from here, but that I can carry out my plans, I will be the most satisfied man on Christmas, I believe, who is on this foreign soil."

Letters that appear after Armistice Day give an insight to life as a
Continued on page 2 >



Robert Carlson of Morocco served with the 105th Engineers. Many of his items from WWI are on display at our Resource Center in Kentland. Above is his American Legion pin, Honorable Discharge papers and his photo in 1918. From the Carlson family collection.

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soldier, (not much sleep and constant movement) – and the life of the survivors of war-torn Belgium and France.

On the front: November 11, 1918 an armistice is signed between the allies and the central powers – the fighting would stop. The Great War is finally over – celebrations begin across the world. A national holiday is declared, Armistice Day, today celebrated as Veteran's Day. By January 1919 peace talks had begun in France.

Excerpts of letter dated December 8, 1918, Paul McDonald, Apremont, Meuse, France.

"Dear Friends, "Seven months ago today, myself and 5,000 "Yanks" sailed out of Hoboken on the boat America. I cannot describe the feeling as we turned for a last look at the Statue of Liberty, and in a short time out of sight of land. I was happy, I thought, for I was eager to get over here and help a little, and yet there was a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach for I did not know how long it would before I saw home again, if ever. Oh, it wasn't altogether a pleasant feeling. ... Now the war is over, our eagerness to get over here does not compare with what it does to get back to the only country worth living in. ... While at Dun Sue Meuse, we got just four words, "The War is Won." It was enough for we knew what it was and from that moment I think that about the first words spoken by any of the A. E. F. (American Expeditionary Forces), was: "When are we going home." I know it was with me. ... I stayed in that place for two days and then was ordered back to my Company and from there sent out again salvaging the wire we run broadcast all over the Argonne Forest and believe me there is some bunch of it. I did not think there was so much wire in France, and if I had known I was going to have to pick it up I don't believe I would have been so generous with it, and it wasn't nearly as hard to put down in the first place even though we were used by the Germans as moving targets for their practice. Now it is twisted, crisscrossed, tangled, broken by shells, covered and buried deep in mud. It is some job."

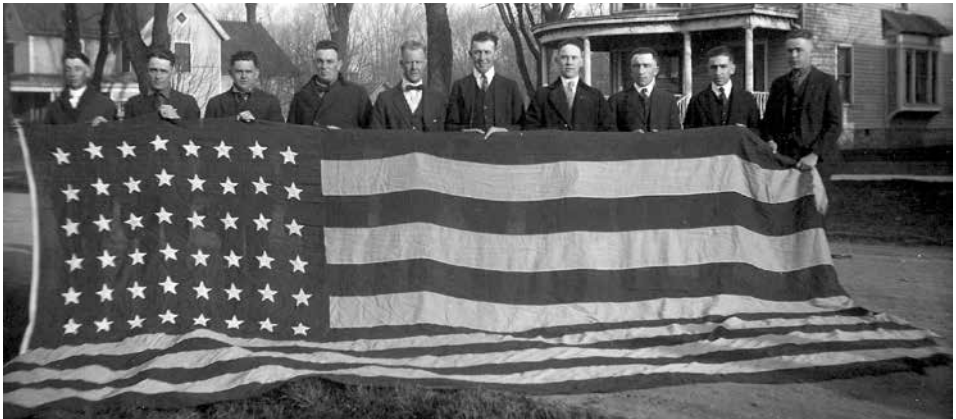
A few soldiers and volunteers did a bit of sight-seeing before returning, but eventually all of them were eager to return home to their family and communities.

Excerpts of letter dated February 12, 1919 from Miss Cecil Burton, Bad Neuenahr, Rhineland, Germany, Army of Occupation to Mrs. Sara Smith, Kentland.

"Dear Mrs. Smith – I promised myself time and again I'd write you, but somehow I never get it written. Here we are, away over here in 'Dutchland' watching their darned old Rhine river for 'em and cryin' for home every day. Glory be, how we do want to get back! But rumors are flying fast now that we are to leave these parts soon, and everyone is hoping that they don't prove be rumors only. We went on the Champagne front, before Chalons, and for three days, July 15th- 18th, we were with



Group of WWI Vets taken on State Street in Morocco after the war. Top row, l-r, Bill Brunton, Grover Hammond, Van Cox, Tom Watson (Marine), Unknown, Boyd Smart (Navy), Unknown, Bob Carlson, John Ringer; Kneeling, l-r, Harry Blaney, Don Robinson, Unknown, Paul Ringer. Carlson family collection.



Brook men called to service for WWI. Among them are John Kline; Clarence Lowe; Bud Hess; third from left, Ed Baer; second from right, Roy Sell; far right, the first Newton County soldier killed in the war, Chester Harry. Reprinted from "Brook, Indiana, Washington and Iroquois Twp. Sesquicentennial Collection," 2006.



So many unknown faces in this photograph of WWI men. We do know Jasper Williams in the back row, second from right and Ray Montgomery, third from left, front. From the collection of photos donated by Harold Williams to the Wash-O-Quois Museum in Brook.

the French in stopping the German drive for that city. It was the holding of the line at this point that gave Foch the chance to hit it up all along the rest of the fronts the way he did. But those three days were awful! That was the most intense artillery bombardment of the whole war (or at least that is the word we get), but personally, I think the beginning of the last big drive in the Argonne on November 1st was about as bad, all the shooting then was on our side. The champagne firing was the combined efforts of the Dutch and the Allies.”

Excerpts of letter dated February 21, 1919 from A.M. “Lon” Skinner, Co. F. 105th Supply Truck, Forwarding Camp, France, to his father, Elmer.

“Dear Dad, Well I haven’t written you for a long time, so I guess I had better drop you a line. I am all O.K. and waiting to board the train for Brest. ... This camp is near LeMans. You see the troops are all sent through here for their final inspection and delousing. We had our final inspection today and passed all right. I am sure getting tired of these eternal inspections. ... Most of the division is stationed here now, all but the Engineers and I understand they are held here for road work. This is pretty tough for them as I think if they are as anxious to get home as I am to get to mother’s table. We are quartered in billets here that have just been put up. ... I understand all the boys from Camp Taylor go back there to be mustered out. ...”

Good News . . . I’m Coming Home

The news of soldiers and volunteers returning home to Newton County after the first of the year filled the front pages of the local papers. The Enterprise reported that the first Kentland boy reported to have landed in New York was Corp. Robert P. Heistand, brother to Howard Heistand. Soldiers from the Brook area stopped in the Brook Reporter office and gave their accounts of their war experiences. These articles started appearing in the early spring and continued throughout the following months. The soldiers and volunteers were coming home - it was time to plan a celebration of their homecoming.

County Celebration for the Soldier Boys - July 4, 1919

George Ade Hosts Event at Hazelden

The crowds began gathering around 10:00 a.m., the observation in the *Newton County Enterprise* the following week stated:

“It looked like every automobile in Indiana and a part of Illinois was parked in and around the grounds. In one field twelve hundred cars were parked within three hours. There were other fields, and the road side was lined on both sides. Estimates on the size of the ground ranged from 12,000-20,000. It was impossible, however, to get a very accurate lineup on the grounds. But regardless of the exact numbers, all agreed that it was one of the largest gatherings ever held in the county, and one of the most orderly and best behaved. A big county picnic in every sense of the word.

Friends gathered in little groups under the stately oaks, or en masse watched and participated in the games and entertainments.”

W. O. Schanlaub presided as master of ceremonies during the afternoon program. Rev. Sicafoos offered prayer, and Warren T. McCray made the address of welcome. Samuel E. Molter then conducted a half hour “sing” and later the awards of the day were made. The article mentioned that the dancing was especially appealing to the young people in the pavilion and on the lawn, which continued unabated throughout the day and night.

The *Brook Reporter* wrote that “with the exception of a few of the boys who are still in the service and others just returned there were few uniforms seen on the grounds. A happy, contented crowd wandered over the well-kept lawns, admired flower gardens and trees and shrubbery, visited and talked of everything except war. This topic seemed by mutual consent to be tabooed. The soldiers and sailors quietly slipped out of the game area and enjoyed themselves just as the balance of the crowd, refusing to take a special part in the program. As they seem better satisfied to merge themselves into the general crowd, we are willing that they should enjoy

themselves that way.

“The veterans of ’61 took part in the horseshoe contest with Joseph Whiting and Morris Jones of Brook carrying off the honors, beating the Goodland set consisting of Henry Griggs and Ben Davidson.

“Each man in service from Newton County will receive a souvenir stickpin. Spe-

cial prizes to each war mother with three or more sons in service during the war; Oldest Newton County man in late war; Tallest soldier in late war; Shortest soldier in late war; Newton County soldier most recently married; Oldest Civil War soldier veteran present.” *Note: Winners of the special prizes were never published.*

Program of Events

10:30 a.m.	Bomb salute followed by the “Star Spangled Banner” and the raising of the flag at the east end of the grounds.
10:30-12:30	At playground A. west , preliminary soft ball games, 3 innings each, by teams of soldiers and sailors representing various townships. At playground B., east , preliminary horse-shoe pitching contest between teams of Civil War veterans representing various townships; Also dancing in the pavilion at the west end of the grounds.
12:30-1:30	Dinner, during which time the Attica Band will furnish a concert program in front of the house at Hazelden.
1:30	Display of day fireworks with patriotic finale. Spectators should assemble at the east end of the grounds. Bombs will be sent up from golf course. Visitors are requested to keep off the golf course and not go near the mortars from which bombs are being discharged.
1:30-2:30	Independence Day observances in honor of the soldiers and sailors. Speaking, community “sing” and band music. All games and pastimes will cease during the hour given to the patriotic exercise. Visitors are requested to assemble at the rostrum just north of the house at Hazelden. Soldiers and sailors are especially invited to mobilize and help out in the singing of their favorite songs.
2:30-5:30	At Playground A: Affinity Race for soldiers and sailors and lady partners, distance about 75 yards, each couple tied together; Potato Race for Boy Scouts and Juveniles; Tug-of-War between the infantry and a team made up from other branches of the service. Captains to agree on number of men on each team; Dressing Contest for soldiers and sailors. Each contestant removes coat, hat, shoes, collar and cravat. These articles are placed in a heap. Contestants make a dash of 50 yards. First men to report back to judges, properly attired, is a winner; Finals in soft ball tournament. At Playground B: Baseball throwing for war mothers only. Each contestant given two trials. The one throwing the ball the greatest distance is winner; Egg Race for unmarried girls. Distance about 50 yards, each contestant to carry an egg in a teaspoon. Egg must not be touched with hands. Finals in horse shoe pitching for Civil War vetsrans.
4:30-5:30	Dancing at the pavilion.
6:00-7:00	Supper
7:00-8:30	Open air dancing on lawn adjoining Hazelden
8:30	Movie Show: Douglas Fairbanks in “Broadway Buckeroo” and a Mack Sennett comedy, “No Mother to Guide Him.”

President's Thoughts

By Kay Babcock

As we all wind down from the summer activities and head into fall, I will share a few of the things happening with the society.

Our annual meeting was at the Sig Boezeman farm in June. Sig has a beautiful home sitting on a large pond, a very pleasant place to sit and catch up with friends before sharing a bountiful carry-in supper. We elected Judy Wirtz as our new Treasurer. Darlene Truby has had this position for many years and has done an excellent job. Russ Collins also agreed to continue as our Vice President - a position he has held for many years - thank you Russ and Darlene for your continued devotion to our group!

Patty Wiseniewski presented a preview cut of her upcoming documentary, "showcasing the creative genius of two northwest Indiana men in the racing field, Brannon and Hammes. Good luck to Patty and with the release of the doc by her company For Goodness Sakes Production.

2018 is the 100th anniversary of the end of WWI. The society has honored the Newton County participants in a variety of ways. We utilized a traveling exhibit available to us from the Indiana Historical Society showcasing Indiana's contributions during the war. The exhibit entitled "The Great War: From Ration Lines to the Front Lines," was on display at the Punkin' Vine Fair in our booth. We are hoping to add to our list of WWI veterans by placing a poster listing the names of men from the county who served, we ask visitors to look for a relative and mark their name. Grandfathers, uncles, and cousins were found and marked. Each day of the fair, we held a drawing and gave away a DNA kit from Ancestry. All the winners were delighted with their prize.

The 2018 Winter-Spring issue of the Newcomer presented much information about Newton County's involvement in the war. Look for more in the next issue to come. Beth Bassett, our editor, does an excellent job.

In August, our speaker for the meeting was Michael Dobberstein, Professor Emeritus of English at Purdue University Northwest. He brought along with him two Purdue Northwest students, Zack Bevins and Brian Goodman, who major in history and are both military re-enactors, specializing in WWI and WWII battles.

They wore British and American uniforms of WWI and brought many weap-

ons used during the Great War. Refreshments for the meeting were donuts - honoring the American soldiers who were referred to by the British as "Doughboys." So-called because the Salvation Army served up fresh donuts to their soldiers daily. Although our donuts were from a local bakery and not fried in a helmet as they prepared them.

Fifth Friday Fun Day happened in August with the celebration of four member's birthdays, but mainly it is set aside for members to come to the Resource Center in Kentland, sharing stories and laughter, snacks and of course, history. Any month that has five Fridays in it - mark it on the calendar and plan to join us next time.

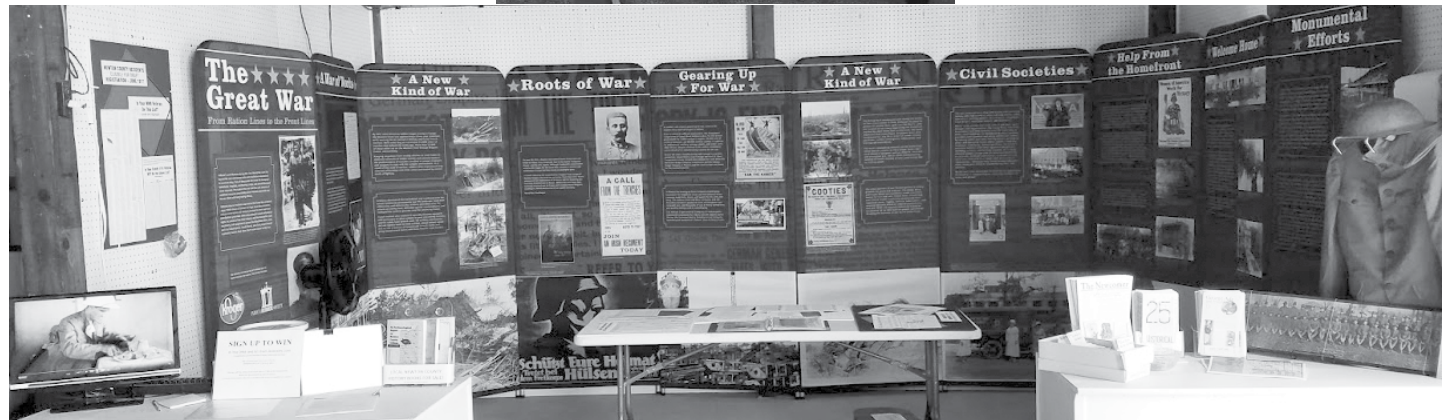
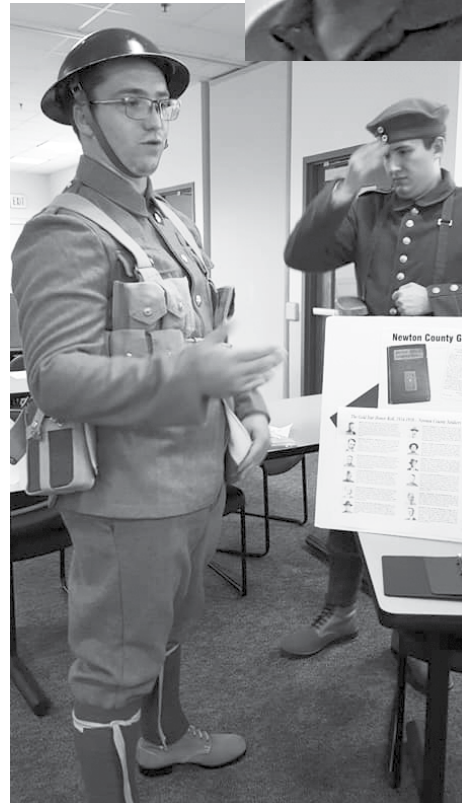
The Annual Christmas Open House date has been set for December 7th. Following the theme "Toys Through the Decades," members are urged to bring in their toys - or their children's toys to display. Please add any photographs of involvement with the toys - whether they be Christmas or birthday photos.

The Center is always in need of volunteers. We know it may seem scary, but you don't need to know all the history of the county, or where everything in the building is located, just offering to have the building open for visitors is important. Please feel free to come and join us - the Resource Center is open each Monday, Thursday and Friday 11 to 3.

Society meetings are held on the fourth Monday of each month, unless otherwise notified. The meetings always have a fascinating program - and the public is invited to attend.

Please contact us for more info! 219-474-6944.

Top, center, Mike Dobberstein; center front Zach Bevins and back, Brian Goodman; right, Patty Wisniewski; below, WWI display at the Newton County fair booth.



A Bit of Lake Village History

This photo and information at the right is from a clipping gleaned from Facebook - origins unknown, but an interesting bit of Lake Village History, if accurate, note the description "represents."

"The accompanying illustration represents the first house built in the old pioneer town of Lake Village,



Ind., in the northern part of Newton County. The home was built by John Dillion in 1849, and has served as a hotel, meeting house and dance hall at various periods of its existence. "Uncle Billy" Howard, an old resident of the little village, who occupied the cabin in the early days, tells of shooting deer from the door of the cabin, and says that the land on which the village now stands was then a hunter's paradise. The first religious revival held in western Indiana was conducted in this old building, at which time, according to an old diary in the possession of Mr. Howard, "seventy souls were brought to Christ."

The Society would appreciate anyone with family ties/history related to the above article - let us know the location, family history and origin of the article would be greatly appreciated!

Ancient Burial Ground Near Little Lake

- Reprint, *Newton County Enterprise*, 1918

"Just east of what was known one time as Little Lake, in northern Newton County, there is an ancient burial ground which dates back, no doubt to the time of the Mound Builders.

"Besides the discovery of human skeletons, excavations in this burial place have been rewarded by the bringing to light of fragments of the most beautiful designed pottery, together with weapons for use, doubtless, in war and in the chase, and all of whose workmanship, the Indians (*must have consulted them*), knew as little as we do of the present age."

Note: A map of Newton County dated 1870 indicates Little Lake was located in today's Colfax Township, Section 30. "An Archaeological Report on Newton County" by Joseph Hiestand, 1951, states that the portion of Beaver Lake in Colfax Twp. was called Mud Lake and Little Lake. More information found in Hiestand's report about this site details artifacts found in the area.

Do You Know?

By Janet Miller,

Answers on page 13

1. Who was the widely-beloved Newton County Superintendent of Schools who served for 43 years?
2. Before it was designated as U.S. 24, the road through Illinois and into Indiana in Newton County had a different name. What was it?
3. In 1938 what is believed to be the largest crowd, 60,000 people, ever gathered in Newton County for what event? Where was this event held?
4. Where was the first post office in current Newton County located and what was the name of it? What year was it established?
5. In 1860, the first year Newton County was formed was also its first listing in the Census Records. Which township showed the most population?

Newton County Census Records, Cemetery Transcriptions, Marriage and Death Indexes can all be found on our website:
www.ingenweb.org/innewton

Hunters!
Trappers!
Farmers!
Take Notice!

Wm. H. Block Co.
INDIANAPOLIS

Pays Highest Market Prices for

Skunk, Mink, Opossum, Muskrat, Raccoon,

and other fur-bearing animals. Let the size and integrity of our store be your guarantee for reliability and fair dealing. Ship your furs to us and you will be glad you did.

FUR DEPARTMENT, Second Floor.

The Wm. H. Block Co.
INDIANAPOLIS 1918

"SHUBERT" PAYING EXTRA HIGH PRICES FOR MUSKRAT -

	Nº1 EXTRA LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	Nº1 LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	Nº1 MEDIUM EXTRA TO AVERAGE	Nº1 SMALL EXTRA TO AVERAGE	Nº 2 AS TO SIZE & QUALITY	Nº 3 AS TO SIZE & QUALITY	SHOT DAMAGED AND NOTED AT HIGHEST MARKET VALUE
MUSKRAT WINTER	3.00 to 2.00	2.40 to 2.00	1.80 to 1.60	1.50 to 1.25	1.35 to .80	.50 to .40	
MUSKRAT FALL	2.50 to 2.25	2.10 to 1.80	1.70 to 1.40	1.20 to 1.00	1.10 to .60	.35 to .25	
MINK FINE DARK	14.00 to 12.00	10.00 to 8.00	7.00 to 6.00	6.00 to 4.00	5.00 to 3.00	2.25 to 1.50	THESE EXTREMELY HIGH PRICES QUOTED FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT
MINK USUAL COLOR	11.00 to 9.00	8.00 to 7.00	6.00 to 5.00	4.50 to 3.00	4.00 to 2.50	1.75 to 1.00	
MINK PALE	9.00 to 7.50	7.00 to 6.00	5.00 to 4.00	3.50 to 2.50	3.50 to 2.00	1.25 to .75	
Liberal Assortment	Nº1 EXTRA LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	Nº1 LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	Nº1 MEDIUM EXTRA TO AVERAGE	Nº1 SMALL EXTRA TO AVERAGE	GOOD UNPRIME AS TO SIZE & QUALITY	POOR UNPRIME AS TO SIZE & QUALITY	
SKUNK BLACK	10.00 to 9.00	8.50 to 8.00	7.50 to 7.00	6.50 to 6.00	5.00 to 2.50	2.25 to 1.25	
SKUNK SHORT	8.00 to 7.00	6.75 to 6.25	6.00 to 5.50	5.25 to 4.50	4.00 to 2.00	1.75 to 1.00	
SKUNK NARROW	6.50 to 5.50	5.00 to 4.50	4.25 to 3.75	3.50 to 3.25	3.00 to 1.50	1.00 to .50	
SKUNK BROAD	3.50 to 2.75	2.50 to 2.25	2.00 to 1.75	1.60 to 1.30	1.25 to .75	.50 to .25	

CATCH 'EM - SKIN 'EM - SHIP 'EM
 We Want All the Northern Indiana Furs You Can Ship
 MUSKRAT, MINK, SKUNK and all other Fur-bearers collected in your section in strong demand. A shipment to "SHUBERT" will bring you "more money" - "quicker."
 GET A SHIPMENT OFF - TODAY. You'll be mighty glad you did.

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT TO
A. B. SHUBERT, INC.
 THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN -
AMERICAN RAW FURS
 25 - 27 W. Austin Ave. Dept. 1730 Chicago, U.S.A.

As these ads that appeared in a 1918 *Newton County Enterprise* indicate, Newton County furs were still in high demand.

Historian's Corner

Food, Rationing
and Oleo during WWI
By Diana Elijah,
Newton County Historian

In 1917-19, families in the rural area, on the farm and in town planted and harvested gardens. The size of the garden would depend upon how many mouths you had to feed, but compared to some of today's garden plots, they would be considered huge. Every bit of the garden was planted either for immediate use or to be processed for canning for use throughout the winter months. The most commonly preserved vegetables were green beans, corn, beets, pickles and tomatoes. Meat was also canned for preservation as there wasn't a method for freezing. Curing and smoking meat was also utilized.

It was also very common for these households to have a variety of fruit trees and berry bushes to provide them with jams, jellies and table wine. How many of them can you



A typical WWI era poster encouraging home canning.

name? There were also abundant wild berries along roadsides and in the wooded areas of the county. Rhubarb and horseradish plants were harvested and used by the cook as well.

Many hunted rabbit, squirrel and wild fowl such as quail and pheasants; both were plentiful at the time and were served up for many evening and Sunday dinners. People raised chickens, turkeys and geese for their eggs and meat. Fishing from the rivers and ditches was also very common.

Most farmers had one or two dairy cows at a minimum, providing milk, and ultimately butter and cream. Cottage cheese was also made for use and to trade/sell to others. It was common for them to butcher their own livestock - I observed this process as a child and Grandma literally used all but the "Moo and Squeal."

Finances may not have been the best, but most of the families ate well - due to their own hard work and diligence.

War Rationing

Due to the armies in Europe fighting the war, production of commodities such as sugar, flour, coffee and salt, and others, was greatly decreased in those countries. Part of the United States' war effort was to send these vital products to those countries. Therefore, the Federal Food Administration

put into place rules and regulations regarding the sale and use of these products by Americans.

Retailers were put on notice to sell equal amounts of wheat flour substitutes alongside wheat flour. In February 1918, they had to keep records of the amounts of flour and sugar they sold, to who and when. Country families could buy 12 pounds weekly; those living in town 1 pound per person, per week. Sugar amounts were rationed out 1 pound per week per person.

The Federal Food Administration passed along these suggestions for substitutions: wheat - use more corn meal for breads; meats - use more fish and beans; fats (butter/oleo) - only use just enough; sugar - use corn/maple syrup or honey to sweeten.

Oleomargarine

Oleomargarine is an imitation butter spread used for flavoring, baking, and cooking. Hippolyte Mège-Mouriès created it in France in 1869 when responding to a challenge by Emperor Napoleon III to create a butter substitute from beef tal-

low for the armed forces and lower classes. Modern margarine is made mainly of refined vegetable oil and water and may also contain milk. How many recipes in your collection call for oleo - the abbreviated name for oleo-margarine?

Oleo's natural color was white, and the inventors realized that if oleo was to be used as a substitute for butter, it needed to look like butter. So, they began dyeing margarine a buttery yellow. The production of oleo terrified dairy farmers in America. They lobbied for restrictions that banned the use of yellow dyes to make margarine look more appetizing. By 1900, artificially colored butter was contraband in 30 U.S. states. Several states took even more extreme measures to turn consumers away by requiring the product be dyed an unappealing pink color.

With the onset and aftermath of WWI, and the shortage of butter, the government temporarily gave oleo the thumbs up. Dyeing the oleo was no longer an option for the producers, however, there wasn't any reason why they couldn't simultaneously sell consumers oleo and yellow dye. When you bought a block or tube of oleo, you also got a packet of food coloring that could be kneaded into the oleo by hand.

During WWII, my mother would have me mix the coloring into the oleo, so it looked like yellow butter. The coloring came in packets or capsules.

Foods That Will Win the War

Weekly suggestions on food for the tables were printed in our local papers. The Federal Food Administration encouraged cooks to utilize substitutions and offered a variety of recipes as alternatives to the usual table fare of Americans. I have included two recipes here.

Using less meat and more rice or beans and ways to cook the less common meats may have been a challenge for a few cooks. The preparation of meals would have been a bit more labor intensive during the WWI era with the lack of modern-day appliances. Most rural areas still did not have electric during WWI.

Spanish Casserole

Ingredients: 2 cups cooked rice; 1-quart tomatoes; ¼ to 1 lb. hamburger steak; ½ teaspoon pepper, 3 teaspoons salt; 2 tablespoons onions, chopped; 1/8th teaspoon cayenne. **Method:** Add rice to tomatoes. Add seasoning and meat, browned. Bake in casserole about 2 hours.

Salmon Loaf

Ingredients: 2 cups cooked salmon; 1 cup grated breadcrumbs; 2 beaten eggs; ½ cup milk; ½ teaspoon paprika; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 1 teaspoonful onion juice. **Method:** Mix thoroughly. Bake in greased dish 30 minutes.

Kindig Farm Receives Hoosier Homestead Centennial Farm Award



Kathleen and Lester Kindig, 1989.

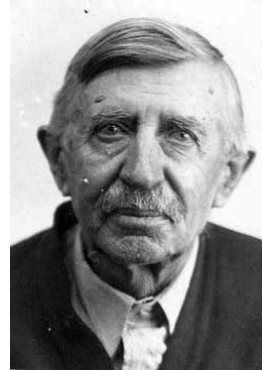
The Indiana State Department of Agriculture recently awarded their Hoosier Homestead Award to Kathleen (Stath) Kindig's farm located in Iroquois Township. She received notice from them that her application for recognition as an Indiana Centennial farm had been accepted and she would be presented her award in a ceremony at their headquarters in Indianapolis in March of 2019.

Her paternal great-grandfather, John Frederick (Fred) Stath would be very proud of the fact that his descendants could claim ownership to land in America for over 100 years - something his family could only dream about when they migrated to America in 1866. An article that followed

Frederick Stath's obituary in 1922, stated: "He was one of many German settlers who came directly to Illinois and then to Indiana. They were farmers and of that sturdy stock that clung to the soil and braved hardships of a new and underdeveloped country. Among them were such men as Paul Weishaar, John Weiss, Henry Barten, John Rosenbrook and many others."

Kathleen's family records show that Fred Stath came to Newton County in 1876. The Newton County map of 1904 shows that the Stath family owned several parcels of land in Iroquois Township, including the farmland that Kathleen has lived upon her entire life - give or take a year or two after high school. In 1890, deeds show that land was under the ownership of her grandfather, William F. Stath, who would later pass it along to his son, Wilbur, father of Kathleen.

J. Frederick Stath was born in Mecklenberg-Schwerin, Germany, June 10, 1833, and died on June 22, 1922. He married Frederika M. Rosenbrook in 1895, who died in 1906. To this union were born eight children, three died in infancy in Germany. Two boys, born in Germany were (1) William F. (1861-1945), married Mary Ellen DeWees and



William Stath



Wilbur Stath

(2) Charles F. (b. 1864-1946), married Anna Fehrie. Their three daughters born in Blue Island, Illinois were (3) Louise (d. 1956) married Charles Montgomery, (4) Sophia (d. 1968) married Burt Galbraith, (5) Augusta (d. 1949) married John Montgomery. At the time of Fred's death, he left behind a legacy of five children, 16 grandchildren and 115 great-grandchildren. Frederick and Frederika Stath are buried at Goodland Cemetery.

For this farm's family lineage, we will focus on Fred and Fredricka's eldest son, William F. who married in 1887 to Mary Ellen DeWees, (1868-1940). Their three children were: (1) Wilbur R., (1897-1988), married Fern I. Travis (1899-1972), who had two children, Kathleen Mary and William Travis; (2) Grace (1890-1919), married Roy Maple, who had one daughter, Iona May; (3) Etta Mae (1892-1996), married Alvin Thayer, who had three children, Ardis, Jean and Anita. William and Mary Ellen Stath are buried at Riverside Cemetery in Brook, Indiana.

William and Mary Ellen's son Wilbur would inherit the farm land, and pass it along to his daughter, Kathleen, who married Lester Kindig in 1945. They began their lives together in the original home on the farm and raised their four children, Carlin, Wilma, Linda and Judy.

Lester, aka "Buzz", was born in 1921 and was a lifelong resident of Newton County, farming until his passing in 1995 at the age of 74. He also was a Newton County Farm Mutual Insurance Agent and DeKalb dealer for 25 years. He served his country with the 172nd Infantry Regiment, and on August 11, 1943, word was received that he was wounded in the Southwest Pacific area, the first in the Brook community to be reported wounded. Lester is buried at Riverside Cemetery in Brook, Indiana.

Kathleen, along with raising a family and keeping up with the household, worked full-time as a teller for 27 years at the Community State Bank in Brook. In 1974, Buzz and Kathleen built the home that Kathleen lives in today. Every advantage that a farm could offer was utilized by the Kindig family such as raising their own beef, chicken and eggs and a large vegetable garden. The neighborhood was dotted with families such as theirs, with uncles and aunts living on nearby farms.

Although Kathleen's generation of ownership may not have faced the same hardships of her ancestors at the turn of the century, keeping up with the ever-changing world has its challenges. The advancement in technology has affected every aspect of our lives - socially and particularly the farming industry. However, at 93, Kathleen faces them with the same determination and grit her great-grandfather carried with him from Germany and she has preserved the passion for independence and love for the land and family so that it too may be passed along to the next generation.

In honor of Indiana's rich agricultural heritage, the Hoosier Homestead Award Program recognizes families with farms that have been owned by the same family for 100 years or more. In the past 40 years, more than 5,500 farms have received the honor. As of 2017, 62 Newton County farms have been recognized. For more information on qualifications visit <https://www.in.gov/isda/2337.htm>.



The Kindig homestead in 1966, where Kathleen has lived her entire life, shows the original home and hired man's house, now gone.



A 1974 view, showing the current home and outbuildings. Note in both photos the large garden plot north of the entrance driveway.

Home is Where Your Story Begins

The Bush Sisters and Family of Kentland - Submitted by Kathy Snow and Beth Bassett

It All Began With Just One Photo

By Beth Bassett

The society recently received a detailed contribution of digital photographs and information from Kathy Snow on the Bush, Unger, Chidester, and McCray families, and copies of Strole School booklets dated 1915-16. Kathy also shared her research information so that we could put together items for this edition of the *Newcomer*. The collection is a wonderful addition to our local and family files and can be found in a binder at our Resource Center in Kentland.

Kathy was born in Indiana and lived in Indianapolis. She went into the Air Force at the age of 20, spending the next 22 years away from family except on holiday leave. She travelled the world while in the military and spent many years overseas. One of her passions is history, and she eventually added genealogy in her pursuits. Researching her family made her feel closer to them even though she was miles away. During that time, she became interested in general Indiana history and would occasionally find a photo or album about a person not related to her. She has continued to do this, having long retired from the Air Force and is back in Indiana. She wrote, "Once I pick up a new one (photo), curiosity rears its lovely head and I begin researching the person or people in the photos."

When I asked her to tell me about her ties to the photos, she replied:

"The answer is just one photo of a young woman that I picked up on eBay about four years ago. I found the photo fascinating and wanted to learn more about her and what led to the occupation she chose which was depicted in the photo.

"When I started digging into her life, I found she was from Kentland and that not only was she interesting, but so were her sisters and family which led me to want to learn as much as I could about them. Along the way, I found they were related to other fascinating individuals in Newton County. One discovery led to another and eventually I found myself interested in their neighbors as well. I began researching the people of Kentland, Jefferson Township, and in general anyone who lived in Newton County in the 1800s and early 1900s.



This photo of Ruth Charlotte Bush purchased by Kathy Snow ultimately revealed much Newton County history.

"Along the way I accumulated a small collection of original pictures and some postcards sent to and from the individuals. I amassed information and picked up even more digital copies of photos of other Newton County residents, utilizing a variety of sources such as newspapers, books, yearbooks, and family genealogists who had ties to the county."

Most of the families covered in her research are familiar to those who follow Newton County history, so you will appreciate the hours of research Kathy devoted to this project. Historian John Yost would be 'tipping the lens cap' to Kathy, as he too had interest in the four Bush sisters in her research. In Volume Two of "The Yost Collection," he wrote, "I would like to obtain some information about Adah, Alice, and Ruth Charlotte Bush for future articles. I knew Adah Bush was McCray's secretary and on the first library board." Yost was right - there wasn't any easy-access history on the Bush sisters.

Thanks to Kathy, we know so much more about them and their families. Utilizing Kathy's research and our archived information this article begins with the family history behind the 'one photo.'

Bush Family Legacy

By Kathy Snow and Beth Bassett

Sisters

The sisters Bush - Adah, Ella, Alice and Ruth, along with their mother Charlotte, must have had many adventures together from the evidence left behind in the local and Indianapolis newspaper social columns Kathy found in her research. Each of Charlotte and Theodore Bush's daughters came of age in an era when women were struggling for the right to vote. Women's suffrage granted women a voice in government, job opportunities and participation in social events that in their mothers' day at their age was totally unacceptable for a proper young lady. Charlotte, having married at the age of 19, may have relived her younger days via the exposure her charismatic daughters possessed by attending and hosting social events over the years.

Family Ties

From a pamphlet published in memoir of John Ade's passing entitled "Personal Recollections of John Ade and the Autobiography of George Ade," we know that John arrived in Newton County with his wife Adeline (Bush) Ade in 1853 from Cincinnati, Ohio. Her parents were Isaac and Margaret (Adair) Bush. From information on hand, Adeline had a sister named Mary Ann, and two brothers, Isaac N., and Theodore M. the father of the subjects of this family history, Adah Elizabeth, Ella Marie, Alice Cara and Ruth Charlotte Bush.

Before we delve into the Misses Bush history, we note that Isaac N. Bush is enumerated with the John Ade family in the 1860 Jefferson Township Census records. The Bush brothers served in the Civil War, Theodore, (age 15), with the 79th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and Isaac N. (age 16), with Co. B. of the 51st Infantry. Adeline's sister Mary Ann married William Davis, who lived in Kentland near the Bush family according to 1900 census records. At that time, the Davis' had been married 40 years, and had six children, four living. Their names were Wilber, Ada, Charles and Maggie, and the two deceased, George and Elmore that were all enumerated in the 1870 Jefferson Township census.

In the 1870 census, Theodore is enumerated on his own at the age of 25 in Jefferson Township, living with a merchant by the name of Constantine and that family, his occupation listed as a clerk in a store. He came to Kentland after serving three years during

the Civil War to be with his sisters, Adeline and Mary Ann and brother, Isaac.

On August 4, 1870, he married Charlotte "Lottie" Arney, who was born in Vernon, Indiana in 1851. Her parents were Isaac and Nancy (Conner) Arney. Her obituary noted that she arrived in Kentland at the age of 11. At that time, she lived with her great uncle John Conner in Kentland who moved to Indianapolis.

Theodore and Charlotte were in Newton County except for a two-year period or so where he had moved to Sheldon, Illinois. Once they moved back, they stayed here. They had seven children, three died at an early age, Maynard (1896-1900); Lela (1871-1890); George (1873-1886). There is a bit of confusion as to the actual birth years of the sisters, Adah, Ella Marie, Alice and Ruth Charlotte. Census, cemetery and passport records all have different dates for each of them. All four were enumerated with their parents in the 1900, Jefferson Township census. Adah, b. 1876, age 23, stenographer; Ella, b. 1879, 20, millinery; Alice, b. 1881, 18, sales; Ruth, b. 1893, 7, at school.

Keeping Up with the Daughters

Just what Theodore did with his time in Kentland isn't clear but keeping up with his daughters and wife was obviously a full-time job. The 1900 census indicates he was a Day Laborer, doing odd jobs, and by 1910, he was 64 years of age and retired. He was active with the G.A.R. and served as a secretary of the Kentland Fire Department. Theodore passed away on January 10, 1917 and was laid to rest at Fairlawn Cemetery.

Charlotte undoubtedly felt very close to her daughters, travelling and socializing with them during the hey-days of the early 1900s. It stated in her obituary, "to know her was to love her, kindly and genial, self-sacrificing and devoted." After the passing of her husband in 1917, she made her home permanently in Indianapolis, certainly to be close to her daughters.



Charlotte Bush

Charlotte was a charter member of the Kentland Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; a member of the Marion County Chapter of the American War Mothers and affiliated with the Methodist Church of Kentland. She passed away at her home in Indianapolis in August 1934 and was interred at Fairlawn Cemetery.

The Misses Bush

Prior to 1900, Adah and Alice began their frequent trips to Indianapolis. Ella joining in later, as they would have all three graduated from high school by 1900. They also had

family living in the city, so Kathy thinks that mom and daughters were splitting their time between Indianapolis and Kentland. From the family obituaries, they had two homes, one in Kentland and another in Indianapolis. When the United States entered the war, so did the Bush sisters. Ruth, the first to go, entertained the troops, and became known as the "singing girl of the trenches." She spent 16 months, visiting all the fronts and was under shell fire many times. Adah and Alice were there for eight months, stationed in the Y.M.C.A. offices at Paris - Adah was a secretary and assistant manager of the office known as the Liaison Office - the connecting link of the army and the Y.M.C.A.; Alice was the secretary to a Mr. Richards, who was the head of all transportation for the Y.M.C.A. In a January 23, 1919 letter published in the Newton County Enterprise Adah wrote, "Of course all Y.M.C.A. work is under army jurisdiction and I have been assigned to the army office having to do with all transportation - personnel and freight - whatever kind. It covers all European territory and it naturally offers a big opportunity for service, and of course I am happy to be chose for the place." Before their return, all three sisters toured southern France, Italy, Monte Carlo and Africa. They were met by their mother Charlotte and sister Ella in New York in late June 1919.

Adah Elizabeth Bush

Of all the girls, Adah was born at the right time. After graduating from Kentland High School, she worked as a stenographer at Warren T. McCray's grain elevator in Kentland for twenty years prior to McCray being elected Governor of Indiana in 1920. She was his choice for the position of his private secretary - the first woman ever to serve in that position in Indiana. At that time few Governors in the entire country ever have had a woman secretary. During his campaign, she served as executive secretary in the Republican National Women's Organization at Chicago. After her position as secretary as McCray's secretary, she entered into the insurance business.

Treasurer of the Women's Franchise League; Delegate to the Indiana Library's Trustee's Association; member of the National Library Association and State Library Commission. She was secretary for the early Anti-Tuberculosis Society of Newton County which seemed to stop after John Ade died. One of the earliest major things she was involved in was she was Page for the D.A.R. Congress in Washington in 1912. She stayed with Mr. and Mrs. John Randall while there (Mrs. Randall was sister of George Ade).

Adah was an early advocate for woman suffrage and was a member of the National League of Women Voters. She marched in



Passport photo, Adah E. Bush

the large suffrage parade in Chicago on June 7, 1916.

Before the war she was the general office manager of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense under the administration of Dr. Anna Shaw. She was released from that work to go overseas to be the supervisor of the Transportation Department issuing all railroad, steamer, and shipping orders for the entire Y.M.C.A. personnel.

Adah joined the G.O.P staff at Chicago in 1920 as the assistant to Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton. This was the party's National Headquarters. Adah's role was Executive Secretary in charge of Women's Activities. She was long-time active in Republican circles, serving as Director of the woman's party at the Republican State Headquarters in 1920. One newspaper article said she was from a long line of Republican ancestors.

Even during the war, she made time for woman suffrage. She attended the inter-allied suffrage conference (IASC) held in Paris in 1919. She had a letter from Dr. Shaw (the aforementioned Anna Shaw) which gained her entrance to the conference. Per a newspaper, she stated she was admitted into the presence of the fifteen delegates from France, England, Belgium, Italy, New Zealand, and Poland, with the three representatives from the United States. The IASC had gained permission to participate in certain peace conference commissions. Most of their ideas were considered too radical and were shelved. It is uncertain if Adah attended the Peace Conference, but it is possible. Adah was active in several clubs and organizations, she seems to have known many of the big players who were well known women in that movement.

Through her lifetime she remained active with the Young Woman Christian Association, serving

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as the treasurer; she also presided as president of the Women's Overseas Service League.

Adah, too, felt the adversities of serving in France was detrimental to her health - friends stated that her fragilities began with her strenuous service "over there." Her sister Alice found her in her office dead in September 1932. Adah was honored with military services provided by the Ora Hedrick American Legion Post at Kentland. She is buried at Fairlawn Cemetery in Kentland.

Ella Marie Bush

Ella Marie, (who went by Ella but mainly Marie), married Bernard Griffey in 1911 and lived in Indianapolis.

Bernard's WWI draft card indicates that he was President of a company called American Press in Indianapolis. Could it be a coincidence that Ella worked in the printing office in Kentland in 1910 - perhaps they met through work - one will never know. However, newspapers did reveal that they were quite the socialites. They lived mainly in fancy hotels and put on some elaborate parties.



Ella (Bush) Griffey-Weber

They were considered part of the "movers and shakers" of Indianapolis during the 1910s and 20s and were involved with several different social organizations - mainly the Sunnyside Guild. It dealt with several charitable contributions to people, children, women, welfare, etc. It was heavily involved in the Tuberculosis Hospital in which Sunnyside was a sanatorium. This was the organization that eventually led to Ella and her husband adopting a daughter, Gloria Ann.

Ella divorced her first husband, Bernard who passed in 1939 and is buried at Crown Hill Cemetery in Indianapolis. Ella married Don Weber, Ruth's widower several years after her passing, and moved to Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Ella lived to the age of 80 years, passing on November 16, 1959 and is buried in a Catholic Cemetery next to Don in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Her daughter, Gloria Ann, married Joseph R. Cavanaugh. Ancestry records show that she was born February 5, 1921 and died September 29, 1966 in California.

Alice Cara Bush

Alice was five years younger than Adah



Passport photo, Alice C. Bush

and two to Ella. I imagine she followed in the whirlwind of their lives most of her days, in particular Adah. They both went to school to become stenographers and were side-by-side in France during WWI. She appears to be the first Bush sister to stay in Indianapolis on a semi-permanent basis where she had a job as a stenographer with the C. W. Meikel Company. Her address was listed in an Indianapolis phone book in 1902. By 1909, she is listed in the phone book with her mother Charlotte at the same address. Information also tells us that she worked for the same company as her brother-in-law, Bernard Griffey, Advertising Press. Although Alice seems to have been involved in various things because of her sisters and her mother, it was very bold of her to be the first to move and take a job in Indianapolis. She basically was on her own from at least 1901-1908 in what had to be considered a big city - based upon where she was from, Kentland.

After Ruth's death in 1923, Alice was president for a while of the American Women's Overseas League. Alice never married and may have remained living with her sisters most all of her life. Perhaps after Adah's death in 1932, she remained with her mother until her passing in 1934. Alice was a member of a post of the American Legion in Indianapolis. When the book "Indiana Women in the War," was published, she made sure that all three of them were listed and provided photos of Adah and Ruth since they were deceased. She was a member of the Daughters of American Veterans. Her obituary stated that she was employed in Indianapolis for several years and passed at the home of her sister Ella in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, on June 22, 1951.

Ruth Charlotte Bush-

The Singing Girl of the Trenches

Ruth was the youngest of the sisters, attended Kentland schools, and graduated in 1909 from Shortridge High School, Indianapolis. She was known for her sweet person-



Passport photo, Ruth C. Bush

ality, girlish charms and gracious affability. At an early age being musically inclined she began preparing herself for concert work.

The earliest article Kathy found indicated that she appeared in April of 1908 in the National Flower Opera where she played a wild rose along with other girls.

After graduation she goes to Chicago and attends the Bush Temple of Music in Chicago to study music. She then returns to Indianapolis and was in some plays, and a few singing engagements before going to New York. In Indianapolis, she went to Leckner Studios where Max Leckner was a music teacher, his main instrument was piano. His wife Carrie was a vocal teacher. Ruth took lessons with her and probably got some of her singing and recital gigs because of the Leckners.

She appeared in "Speed," in which the Hoosier Motor Club put on at the Murat Theater and "The College Hero." Newspaper accounts indicate they were both hits.

From Indianapolis she traveled to New York where she did get on a real stage production called "The Beauty Show Company," which traveled a bit, then ended up back in New York. When the U.S. entered the war in 1917, she began seeking ways of service to her country.

While in New York she heard a quartet of women called the Herron Sisters was going "over there" to entertain the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces. She learned that the vocalist member of the quartet could not go and instantly sought that privilege. She possessed a rich soprano voice and was accepted. She came home for a short period to spend with family before going back to New York to further her career. In 1918, the group under sponsorship of the Y.M.C.A. sailed for France. Her diary revealed that she sang before 21 of the 26 combat divisions of the American army in France. It was written that most of the time she and her companions were in range of the German guns.

Much of her time was spent with the Rainbow Division.

The love of the Rainbow boys for Ruth Bush was well illustrated in a letter written at the time of her death by Byron C. Young, then president of the local Rainbow organizations. "We recall the attempts to bake pies, the buckboard trips to Nuef Maison, the day of the boxing tournament at Vaqueville and numerous other instances when Ruth was their 'breath from heaven.'"

Another sentiment passed along in an article about Ruth stated, "of her days at the front, she carried with her overseas a little white dress, one she had worn while singing in concerts back at home. Over there she realized that the men grew tired of uniforms and they wished to see a girl who looked like the girls back home. And so, as she went from division to division, she carried the little white dress with her. Just before a concert she would call several of the boys to her, have them form a square and hold their blankets up so as to create a dressing room. Within this human wall she changed from uniform to the beloved little white dress and stepped out of her improvised dressing room ready to sing out her soul to them."

After she returned home in 1919, she continued her war efforts by organizing the women who had served overseas known as the American Women's Overseas League. There was still work to be done to help her sisters who served their country and had been wounded and/or disabled during that service. There wasn't a program designated to aid these women soldiers upon their return to America. In California alone, there were 584 disabled women, victims of the war.

In 1922, she relocated to Pasadena, California due to the decline in her health. While

overseas she contracted what was known as trench mouth - the Great War periodontal disease, and this resulted in a number of very serious dental operations, resulting in intense pain.

While there on February 12, 1922, she married Don Weber, the marriage kept on a low key due to her health. They initially met during a visit Ruth had made to friends at Purdue, prior to the war. Don was a student there. He served as a lieutenant in France.

Upon entering the military Don was sent to Camp Johnson in Jacksonville, Florida. There he met future hotel magnate Conrad Hilton. He shared his fondness and praised his gal's talents, never revealing her name or location with his comrades. Hilton became obsessed with meeting Don's gal and located her information prior to his leaving for France, weeks ahead of Don's departure. Once there, he ran into Ruth and spent time with her dancing, walking and having picnics in the country. He had fallen head over heels in love with her. However, Don and Ruth had found each other a time or two in France as well. After the war, Hilton visited Ruth in Indiana - where he was told that she and Don were planning on getting married. This information came from Conrad's biography where he wrote about wanting to marry a girl - "that girl, Ruth Bush, my thrush from No Man's Land, was in Indiana." Since Don had already staked his claim, all he got with Ruth was a waltz.

On June 28, 1923, Ruth died at her Mom's home in Indianapolis. Her remains were brought to Kentland and laid to rest at Fairlawn Cemetery. Pall bearers were chosen from the ranks of the Ora Hedrick American Legion Post. Commander Edward Dieter on behalf of the Post, caused the flag to be unfurled at half-mast. Additional military

honors by the War Mothers and Civil War veterans formed a line at the church and attended the services as one body. Many of the soldier organizations wished to have the privilege of firing a farewell salute to "The Singing Girl of the Trenches," but her mother, asked that only taps be sounded as a farewell at the grave.

Epilogue

Were the published letters and personal correspondence of the Misses Bush preserved by the family - perhaps Gloria's family possesses them, we may never know. Ruth and Adah must have been a prolific letter writers since many (or part) were published in newspapers. Their writings along with other tidbits found in other letters vividly add bits of information that may have been lost to the ages. One of Adah's letters talks about Ruth and said they (her and the others in the Heron Sisters group) were the first girls across the border into Germany, as they drove into the Metz three days after the Germans evacuated. The bravado displayed by this group of women is amazing.

In one of Ruth's letters she wrote that she and Eunice Prosser (who was a member of the group while overseas) got lost in the French countryside and were arrested because they were thought to be German spies. They managed to convince the officials that they weren't a threat - apparently this happened to a lot of entertainers because they moved around a lot.

The newspapers reflected a very light-hearted and active social life for the Bush sisters and their mother before the war, but during and after they revealed a very compassionate family devoted to helping others less fortunate than themselves. This was the legacy that they left behind, one of which to be very proud.



Yearbook Senior photo, 1909 of Ruth. The caption read: "A dark-eyed girl who's either 'so happy!' or 'so sleepy!'", and who likes to keep her flowers in test tubes in the chemistry laboratory.



Left, Ruth in 1923 in the infamous white dress she wore while entertaining the troops during WWI; above, l-r, Adah, Alice and Ruth upon their return to the U.S. in June, 1919. This photo that appeared in the *Indianapolis Star* was headlined with: "Three Sisters, Home From War, Set Unique Record For Indiana Family."



Helen Thompson, 1980 South Newton High School yearbook photo.

A Letter To My Grandchildren

Written by Helen (McCabe) Thompson

This article comes from "Short Stories and other Selected Writings" published in 2008; Edited by Janet Miller

This heartwarming story is a narrative from grandmother to grandchildren that is full of life lived in Washington and Iroquois Townships, and the Brook, Indiana area. Helen Josephine McCabe Thompson, wife of Harvey Thompson and mother to four boys, went back to school as an adult and became an English teacher. She taught English at South Newton High School for 19 years. Perhaps some of you reading this were her students.

Helen was the daughter of James Alva "Deacon" McCabe and Josephine Corbin McCabe. She has deep roots in Washington Township. Her great-grandfather, John Myers, settled near the Iroquois River, where the Strole Bridge is in 1838. He came from Pennsylvania. Another great-grandfather Travis Dolman Corbin, settled in the same area in 1853, coming here from Luray, Virginia. A Corbin married a Myers and these were her grandparents. Her father came here in the 1880's with his parents and six siblings, and settled on the farm just north of the river bridge on Road 55. The old iron bridge that went down some years ago was known as the McCabe Bridge.

January 1997

Dear Grandchildren,

This cold, winter afternoon in late January, I wish I could talk to all of you. I wish you were all seated in a circle before the Franklin stove, the fire crackling, the snow drifting down in lovely crystals outside the window - but you aren't, and I can't. That is probably just as well-first because I'm not a talker; next, because you would soon be bored out of your minds. So, I'll write to you and you can quit reading whenever you wish - but please keep the missal because, someday you, or another descendant of mine, will want to know about the times when I grew up.

I am old, chronologically. My mirror says so. The stairs say so. My bones shout it and anyone with as much past has to old. But sometimes I feel young: when I hear the music of Glenn Miller; when I see birds soaring or see a big jet leaving a trail across the sky; when I stand on a seashore or see a mountain range; when I prepare for a trip that will show me a new view of other lands, of history. I still "want to know" and don't ever forget - it is learning which keeps one 'young.'

My mother was a very busy farm wife: washing, ironing with flat irons heated on the kitchen range that also was the cookstove, gardening, canning, helping with chores-she had little time for flowers so what was growing there had to have been planted long ago and had to have proved very hardy. There was one peony plant which came up every year but never bloomed. I know now that it needed transplanting. There was a small clump of Star of Bethlehem next to the house on the south side and a large spread of tiger lilies surrounded an old-fashioned lilac. My Uncle Frank's house in Brook, the house Grandfather Corbin built in Brook, and the Corbin plot at Riverside cemetery had the same peony. It was an early flowering one, dark red, and was still blooming every spring in Brook at the cemetery until the caretaker cut the ones in the cemetery.

There was a copse of walnut trees and several large maples at the southeast corner of the front yard. I had a tire swing on one of the walnut branches, but it would spin around when I swung on it and make me woozy. Most marvelous of all was the white mulberry tree by the chicken house. This had surely been carried as a sapling from Virginia. It was the variety which the Chinese grew to nourish the silkworms which spun the silken strands - the silk they produced so much sought after by the Western World and responsible for the establishment of the silk road to the West. Of course, I didn't know then how important to history this tree was. I only knew that the white mulberries were sweet and juicy - delicious!

The maples in the front yard produce, each season, innumerable tiny seedlings. I remember spending several days, when I was five or six, transplanting these seedlings along the front and north of the yard, visualizing a lovely row of trees for the future. Of course, the trees would have been only about a foot apart - and of course, since they were dry-planted, the seedlings all died. The walnut trees, along with some west of the chicken lot, produced black walnuts by the bushel and I can remember sitting on a log west of the chicken lot and pounding off the green hulls. Then the nuts were spread to dry and gathered to store for winter.

The grass in the front yard was usually tall, since no one had time to cut it. A great diversion for me was rolling about in it to flatten it and making rooms with connecting doors.

The house was six rooms and a front porch. We would sit on this porch on summer evenings and watch fireflies. I would chase and catch them sometimes and put them in a glass jar telling myself they would make a lamp if I could catch enough of them. Then I would feel sorry for them and let them out before long.

Sometimes we would sit out there during a thunderstorm. I loved the crashing thunder, the flashes of lightning, the smell of the rain on the parched ground and dry grasses, the

way the branches on the old maples thrashed about in the wind gusts.

Occasionally the Ku Klux Klan would march down our dirt road on the way to the Stonehill woods along the river. They would carry torches which flamed in the darkness. They were dressed in white robes. Their identities were supposedly secret but Aunt Vaney, Uncle Frank's third wife was one of them. She often proclaimed to Jose the terrible iniquities of Catholics who caught the thrust of the Klan's energies in northern Indiana since there were no blacks to abuse. I was terrified of those white robed figures! Once a man was found dead in a hog lot west of Kentland and rumors flew that the Catholics had done him in - a totally ungrounded claim but the whole scheme had an aura of mystery about it which frightened a five-year old. When I ran off down the lane to the fields where the men were working, if a car came by I would hide in the ditch till it passed, sure it was Ku Klux Klanners or Catholics up to no good.

The front porch opened in to the living room which was on the south. On the north was the dining room and back of these rooms, to the west, was the kitchen. A stairway led up out of the kitchen to the three bedrooms: spare bedroom on the north, our bedroom on the south over the living room, and down a hall to the west, the hired man's room. There was a back door on the west side which opened on to a landing with a short flight of stairs up to an area with a sink and a door into the kitchen. The kitchen also had a door on the north and the yellow rose bush was by this door. A large cedar tree stood on the "L" where kitchen and living room joined. I had my playhouse in this nook and all my imaginary friends lived there. The living room had a bay window on the south and this is where we always placed the Christmas tree. The hired man's room was the other place I liked to play. Except at cornhusking time, it stood empty. There was an old bookcase-desk combo there with many books for playing school and the desk lid let down to make a writing desk with many cubby holes for paper and pencils.

When my sister, Kathryn, came down from Chicago, she would sleep in the spare room and I would sleep with her. There was a painting that Jose had done when she studied painting, before Deacon and her were married. It was of a rustic stone bridge over a small stream in a pastoral setting, really a lovely picture, I wish I had it. The picture was left behind in an attic when the family moved. My sister would tell me, as we lay there, stories about the bridge and she said, if I watched closely, that I would see sheep crossing the bridge. I guess this was her way of putting me to sleep-without counting sheep since I never saw a single sheep cross that bridge!

There was an attic. Access to this was through an opening in the ceiling in a closet. I never went there. I was even afraid to go into the closet! There were two closets, one in the hallway which had the attic opening and one in the spare bedroom. There were few closets in the old houses. There were no built-in cupboards in the kitchens either. This kitchen had a big pantry and one item of furniture was a Hoosier cabinet for storing dishes and baking supplies. The Home Comfort range and a square table and six chairs completed the kitchen furnishings. Except for Sunday dinners we always ate in the kitchen where the range made it cozy.

When we had hired men for cornhusking my mother did a lot of cooking. Other farm times when she cooked great amounts were butchering, threshing and corn shelling days. Butchering day came in winter or early spring when the weather was cold so that the meat could be hung and cooled before processing or preserving it. I especially remem-

ber hog butchering because of the crackling which came out of the big iron kettle where the lard was rendered – and watching the women in the kitchen scrape and soak the guts used for stuffing sausage. The scrap pork was ground and seasoned, then placed in a sausage press from which it curled out a spout into the gut stretched over the spout. That was, I thought, a fascinating sight. After stuffing, the sausage was fried down and canned with a liberal coating of lard topping each jar to complete the seal. Of course, all these occasions were a combined effort of all the neighbors. Hams and shoulders were sugar cured or salted and smoked. Every farm had a smokehouse. Ours burned when the gasoline engine at the wellhouse went up in flames. The women prepared a huge meal at noon, roast beef and roast pork, chicken and noodles, root vegetables out of storage, always cottage cheese, applesauce, pickled beets; everything home grown, and home preserved. Threshing and corn shelling get-togethers were equal to butchering for excitement.

The women also took the scrappy bits and made souse and head cheese, both good old German recipes. We did not make blood pudding although some of the neighbors did. Kitchens were large and the women worked together easily, usually having the same jobs at each farm. The same was true at threshing and corn shelling times.

Those get-togethers were equal to butchering in sociability, accomplishments and eating. There were usually five or six farms on a threshing run. The big steam engine and the threshing machine went from farm to farm. We usually knew, the day before, when the machine would come to our place and advance baking and some food preparation

could be done ahead but not too much – there was no refrigeration, only the cellar, the well pit and a small icebox.

The threshing meals were unbelievable, as was the fact that the men could eat them and then put in an afternoon's work on a hot July day. A sample menu: Fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, roast beef, tiny biscuits in beef broth, ham, candied sweet potatoes, slaw, green beans, scalloped corn, macaroni and cheese, jello salad, spiced peaches, applesauce, pickled beets, cottage cheese, bread and butter pickles, and cakes and pies. At dinner time, a washtub of cool water, a

Continued on page 14 >

Answers to Do You Know?

By Janet Miller
Questions on page 4

1. The widely-beloved Newton County Superintendent of Schools who served for 43 years, longer than any man in the state, was W. O. Schanlaub. He also held a post with the National Education Association as a member of the NEA's Community Relations Committee.
2. The road now known as U.S. 24 that runs through Newton County was once known as the Grain Belt Route.
3. In 1938, what is believed to be the largest crowd ever in Newton County was when 60,000 people turned out for the state corn husking contest on the McCray farm in Grant Township. George Ade served as the official starter for the event.
4. The first post office established in what is now Newton County was called the Brook Post Office and it was located about two miles southwest of the present town of Brook. The first postmaster, George W. Spitler, was appointed August 23, 1837. The post office was supplied by mail carried on horseback once a week. The two nearest post offices were on the west at Bunkum, Illinois, and at Rensselaer on the east. This was the only post office in present Newton County until September 27, 1853, when White's Grove Post Office was established at the home of Amos Clark, about one-half mile southeast of the current Pleasant Grove Cemetery in Jefferson Township. In 1854 both Morocco and Pilot Grove received post offices. John Ade and Stephen Elliott were appointed postmasters. All of these post offices were formed while Newton County was still a part of Jasper County.
5. In the first Newton County Census (1860) Washington Township showed the most population with 501 individuals. The total Newton County population according to the Census was 2,360.



Butchering a calf at the William Whaley farm in 1940.

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> Continued from page 13

washbasin, comb and mirror, towels, would be placed under a shady tree in the yard and the men would wash and then rest in the shade until they were called to dinner. Usually there were two sittings at the long dining room table.

A word about the cottage cheese. Every farm wife made her own and served it twice daily. The milk from the cows was run through a separator which took out the cream. This was taken to the creamery in town on Saturday night. The skim milk was fed to the pigs, but some was allowed to sour naturally and curdle. The curdled milk was heated on the range until the curd separated from the whey. The curds were then put into a muslin bag and hung on the clothes line to drain. When well drained, they were placed in a big wooden bowl, salted and mixed with a bit of cream and, viola, there was the best cottage cheese ever, totally unlike the commercial kind produced today.

All of the foods were farm raised. Because the heritage in our area was Pennsylvania Dutch (German) these were Pennsylvania Dutch style meals.

The women would come on shelling day

and help cook and I remember my mother saying that what for HER were the 'old days' the shelling crew would stay the night and be there for breakfast and supper also. We always had one or two hired men staying in the hired men's room during corn husking which lasted well into December. The only variation in the menu for shelling dinner was that there was no homemade ice cream, only more pies and cakes because it was winter.

The homemade ice cream which we made in the summer cannot be matched today. Nothing since has ever tasted to me quite like that jersey cream laced ice cream when I tasted it fresh off the dasher! I guess the hard work that everyone did took care of the cholesterol (and they had never heard the word). The ice cream was made by cooking a custard of eggs and milk to coat a spoon, adding sugar and at least three pints of jersey cream (for a two-gallon freezer) and vanilla and placing the cannister in the wooden tub. A fifty-pound chunk of ice was placed in a gunny sack and crushed with an axe and alternating layers of ice and ice cream salt were packed around the canister. The crank on the freezer was turned until no one could turn it any more and then the freezer was opened, and the dasher removed. Then the ice cream was packed in salt and ice.

It would sit and harden until time to eat it. As the ice cream freezer was being packed and covered we enjoyed one of the supreme treats of life. We licked the dasher. In later years, when my brothers and sisters would come down from Chicago, I would try to make ice cream like that. It was never as good. The jersey cream and my mom's special touch made the difference.

Chicken and noodles were always made from the broth and meat of a stewing hen and contained the tiny clusters of eggs yet unlaidd. At church suppers creamed chicken on biscuits was served that was yellow from the rich broth. Also, the ladies made delicious chicken sandwiches and pressed chicken. Today, everyone starts with a frying chicken and often all skin is removed. There is NO flavor. Mom also made tiny biscuits in beef broth which I cannot duplicate and breaded pork steak that finished in the oven on Sundays while we were at

church. I cannot get the flavor on that either. Cholesterol?

They never heard of it. There was no residue in their systems. They worked it off. But in the world of cookery, there is no déjà vu.

Harvey and I, now in our mid-seventies, take rides sometimes to see the places from our past. These are within a fifteen-mile radius of Brook. We cruise and talk about who used to live where and how the farms have changed. I think Harvey knows the topography, the drainage, and the soil types of almost every farm. He has worked on many of them. He likes to go over near Sheldon where his folks lived for a short time and he attended a country school, walking three miles there and three miles home. He says he learned more in that country school - grades 1-8, 13 pupils - than at any other school.

He likes to visit the Morocco area too. That is where his folks lived when they first moved to Newton County from Ripley County. He was five then.

On this particular day he pointed out to me a small white house, up a lane, where he and his brother, a year younger, and his mom and dad had lived when he was six. I remembered going there with my dad when I was five to sell minerals and look at pigs. A lady would come out to the hog lot and asked if I didn't want to come to the house and have a cookie. There were two boys my age and we played in the house while Deacon attended to the hog business. Bingo! This was the place and here beside me was my husband, Harvey, once one of those little boys! His folks moved near Brook when he was a sophomore in high school and we met again, dated and married.

Harvey has read this and commented that I have not mentioned the hardships of farm living at the time. I guess that is because, as a child, I didn't feel that we were having hardships. The hard work that grownups did was general; money was scarce and that was general too. As you have read, we ate well. I'll admit that I was a bit envious when Will Cheek got a new Willys-Knight with plush upholstery and little flower vases between front and back doors. A short time later Deacon bought a new '28 Chevy, which we could not afford. My dad loved a nice car. I remember Jose cried when he brought it home. I can see her, sitting on a stool in the entryway to the kitchen. I understood why she was crying. That was one of only two times I ever saw her cry.

On the farm we were never hungry or cold. We had endless things to do for entertainment. We had, by the late twenties, a battery-powered radio. I remember listening to the 1928 political conventions and the election results on this Atwater-Kent radio. There were few toys, but I improvised. We had a wooden truck, low to the ground with heavy iron wheels to use for moving the gasoline engine. When not in use, this was my



Map created by Jim Strole of the residents of Washington and Iroquois Townships, 1927, originally published *The Brook, Iroquois and Washington Twp. Sesquicentennial Collection*, 2006. inNote #15 Deacon McCabe, Helen's residence as a child.



1923-24 Brook High School Basketball team. Front, l-r, Marvin Wood, Fred Lyons, William Lyons, Victor Ekstrom; 2nd row: R. F. Ringham, Principal, Fielder Lyons, Robert Cunningham, Aldrich Coan; 3rd row: James McCabe (Helen's brother) and Harold Hershman. Reprinted from the Brook, Iroquois and Washington Twp. Sesquicentennial Collection, 2006.

wagon. We had an emory wheel mounted in a framework with a seat and pedals for turning the wheel and this, I pretended was a bicycle. In the corner of the yard where I had my playhouse and where my friends lived, I had old utensils from the kitchen and board shelves and a flat rock for a cook stove. Some days in summer, Deacon would turn the cows out in the lane and I would herd them, lying in the tall grasses of the ditch, watching the clouds float in a blue sky, searching through the grasses to see how many kinds I could find or picking daisies or black-eyed susans to carry home. I often made braided clover chains.

Deacon's Chevy was stolen the following summer when he drove into Chicago to a Cubs game. It was recovered later, stripped, but restorable. There was a second-grade reader in it that I wanted back very much but it wasn't there. It was an old reader with a poem in it that contained the lines: One flew east, one flew west, one flew over the cuckoo's nest and a story called "Beyond the East Wind." I could never find another copy of that book. I was convinced, about this time, that I could write a book. I knew so many words. I had not started school yet and there was not preschool or kindergarten. I learned to read by following in the funny papers when my dad read me the Sunday funnies. There was an old-world history and as soon as I could, I read from it. I remember one of the first things I read was the story of Romulus and Remus. I knew then that history was a great, ongoing, fascinating story and I have liked history ever since. Was I deprived. I don't believe it for a minute!

My sister would come down from Chicago, arriving on the Rensselaer train, and we would meet her. Her hair was beautiful, her hands were beautiful, and her voice was beautiful. No one ever made a more perfect sister. She would sew me pretty little dresses

and fix my hair-an impossible task. I was tanned and freckled, with big ears and big feet and she never gave up on me, even when I was in high school and my feet were even larger and my hair more unmanageable. She was studying beauty culture and worked as a beautician for years. She would give Jose a marcel and make her look fine.

My brother, Jim, was still living at home when I was born. I was a very late arrival to the McCabe family. Jose was 47 when I was born. Jim was in high school and the bus would bring him to the end of the north lane. I was crazy about him and he was embarrassed at having a baby in the family. By the

time I was two, he was a junior in high school and I would run off down the north lane to meet his school bus. I usually didn't get to the end of the lane before someone came looking for me. He would put records on the victrola after school and dance about in the living room. I would skip after him. He would say, "That's not dancing," but I thought it was. My sister played the piano by ear, an easy match for any movie theater virtuoso, and I would sit with her on the piano bench and play high notes with one finger, keeping time but not following the melody. When I was five, Jose got a John M. Williams first grade book and a piano chart came with it. She taught me how to read notes and count time. When I was six I began taking lessons in town, but I lacked my sister's talents.

My oldest brother, Orville, was living in Chicago also, working and going to night school, studying law. When he passed the bar exam, he began working for New York Life and always made good money, although things were tight for him and his wife too, during the depression years. He got a commission in the Navy during WWII and reached the rank of Lt. Colonel. He was named Orville Paul but hated the name Orville. When he applied naval duty, he discovered that he was recorded in the Newton County courthouse as a girl - no name given - so he had his name officially made Paul. He did undergraduate work at Illinois University. He and Aileen always lived in very nice apartments on Chicago's southside, near Jackson Park. Those were good neighborhoods before the war. They travelled quite a bit, driving down into Mexico and down on the Florida Keys for vacations. He was a great tease and I didn't like his teasing although he meant it in fun and was always very kind to me. After Deacon died he paid the monthly rent on a house in Brook for Jose and Aileen saw that

he never forgot. Kathryn or Jim could not have afforded this help. Their salaries, as employees of the city, were held up part of the time during the Depression.

But back on the farm - we raised and preserved food and, at that time, neighbors and family depended on church gatherings and Sunday dinner get-togethers for entertainment and socializing. One of my favorite visits was the Alva Herriman's, good friends of my folks. They had four hulking boys and were stars, over the years, of Brook's basketball teams. Jim was a very good basketball player too and some of the Herriman boys were his age.

Some Sundays we would go to Uncle Franks' Aunt Mats or Uncle Keifs, Jose's siblings. Some Sundays we would go to some of the Myers cousins - all lived near. When they came to our house for Sunday dinner, my favorite food was macaroni and cheese which Jose made with big chunks of cheddar melting into a delicious creamy macaroni. There was always jello big chunks of fruit and marshmallows and usually there would be that two-gallon freezer of ice cream to crank, the dasher to lick and angel food and devils food cakes brought by guests.

So, this was life on the farm. My brothers and my sister had all gone to Chicago to live before we moved to Brook. I don't remember much about the farm sale. I know that selling old Daisy, a 26-year-old saddle horse that had carried Orville and Jim and Kathryn to Miller school, must have been sad for everyone. I can't remember riding her, but she was always there, in the north pasture, having earned a comfortable retirement. Kathryn's husband, Vern was a streetcar conductor and got Jim a job for a while until Jim got on the police force. Before he went to the city, Jim took a truckload of sweet corn into the city to sell, but he had to give most of it away - a typical example of McCabe failed business ventures. I think that must have been when he decided to go to the city and get a job! Deacon never made much money selling mineral mixtures, but he enjoyed it. So did I!

I believe that writing these long-ago happenings has made me appreciate the family which I was part of - the persons who loved and protected a homely little girl who came late to their midst. Aunts, uncles and cousins were all part of the community where I grew up. These were my roots - honest God-fearing, ordinary people who were quite industrious, very intelligent, and, I fear, simply in the wrong place at the wrong time.

This article comes from "Short Stories and other Selected Writings" by Helen Josephine McCabe Thompson published in 2008. This story is a part of a letter Helen wrote to her grandchildren. We treasure her amazing writing of farm, home and family life as she knew it. The first part of her narrative on farm life was published in the Winter/Spring 2018 Newcomer.

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Strole School Booklet Feb. 16, 1915

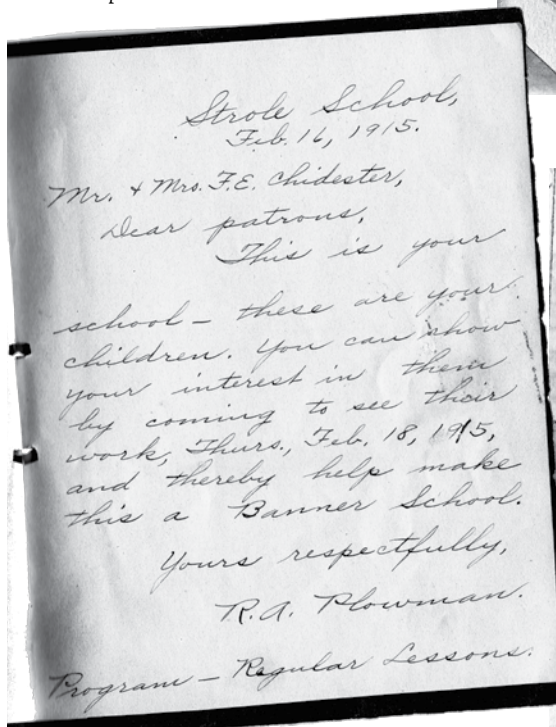
Submitted by Kathy Snow for Newton County Historical Society Archives. Please contact us if you can identify any of the students.

The Strole School aka No. 1, was located in Jefferson Township, Section 2, at the corner of 1300S and 100W.

Kathy's notes describe these photos, which were sent to parents Feb 16, 1915 from the teacher R. A. Plowman who was Ross A. Plowman. He was inviting parents (Patrons) to come to the school. It is a bit hard to take pictures of these because the two sets I have were glued into a sort of hand made booklet that I assume the teacher put together. There were 3 pages inside the makeshift cover. I assume all parents received the same booklet.



Page 1. Description: 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grade photo. Mr. Plowman is the man on the right, second row. None of the children are identified.



Page 3. Description: Addressed to Celeste's parents asking them to come to the school.



Page 2. Description: 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th grade. The only child I know in this photo is Celeste Chidester. She is the girl in the second row, second from left.

Random Loose Photo

I do not know the actual year, but someone wrote "Strole School 8th grade" on this school photo that has Celeste Chidester in it, standing first in back row on the left. I think someone wrote this in many years later because they used green ink in the photo album for identification. Green ink became available in ballpoint pens in 1945. So, I am not so sure it is a 8th grade photo.



For the February 1915 booklet Celeste was in the 1st to 4th grade photo. The other photo of children were grouped 5th through the 8th grade. So, at that time the Strole School had 8th grade students. But for the April 1916 booklet the photos were for the 1st through 3rd grade and then 4th through 7th, not a mention of the 8th grade. Was there a typo made by the teacher who sent the 1916 booklet, or perhaps there wasn't 8th grade any longer at the school. Why does the 1916 have an 8th grade class?

If there wasn't an 8th grade class, then this photo was mis-identified as 8th grade. If she was one of the oldest in the 1915 picture she would have been a 4th grader and then in April 1916 she would have been a 5th grader. Celeste was born August 22, 1905. So, being in the 4th grade in the year 1914/1915 would be about right. We may never know the answers, unless a family member can clarify the history!

Strole School Booklet - Exhibition Day, April 28, 1916



This was for the 1915/1916 school year. This appears based on what it says that it was given out for Exhibition Day April 28, 1916. I assume that is some sort of graduation day because the first photo (cover, above) shows all the children with documents in their hands. Sort of like diplomas I guess. Celeste Chidester is the second girl standing on the far right - looking down at the girl in front of her. The teacher is R. A. Plowman again.



Page 2. Description: 1st, 2nd and 3rd grade photo.



Page 4. Description: Photo of Strole School



**“School Days
Should Be
Golden Days”**
written on front cover
of Exhibition Day
booklet.

Page 3. Description: 4th through 7th grade. Celeste is in the front row middle. 6th from the left in the white dress. I think R. A. Plowman is the man in the second row far left with his head turned around.

Pages of the Past

Submitted by Janet Miller

Excerpts taken from *The Newton County Enterprise*, Spring/Summer, 1917.

Newton County

Change Boundaries of Voting Precincts. Number Increased in Order to Accommodate the Women Voters. The Board of Commissioners met in special session Saturday and redistricted the county into voting precincts. Since the adoption of voting machines Newton County has had but ten voting precincts, each township comprising a separate unit. Granting the ballot to women will practically double the vote, and in order to accommodate this increased number it was necessary to create more voting places.

Congress Passes War Resolution.

Washington, April 6. The United States and Germany are at War. The declaratory resolution passed by the Congress was signed by President Wilson at 1:11 pm today.

Read the war headers for a few days and you will be in the proper state of mind to believe all rumors about German U-boats sailing up the Iroquois.

Movement Started for Greater Crops.

Under a call by the Governor, a meeting was held at the Court House Saturday afternoon, the purpose of which was to stimulate interest in greater crop production, to meet the exigencies occasioned by the war. The call of the Governor is for the planting of every available acre, every vacant lot, and every parcel of ground to food products to the end that the armies may be fed, and the people will not suffer for the want of food. The meeting was called to order by Warren T. McCray.

Kentland

To no one does the flag mean more than to the old veterans of the Civil War. John Lowe heard the call from Washington yesterday morning and forthwith unfurled Old Glory over his rural route car, and if some of our pacifists want to fight let them attempt to remove it. It will be a sad day for Uncle John if they deny him the privilege of again shouldering a musket.

County Chairman Coming. George Ade's "County Chairman" will be shown in pictures at the Kentland Theatre next Wednesday night, April 11th. "The County Chairman" has been played at the above theatre with a big cast of local talent and was given the largest patronage that was ever present in the history of the house. As this noted production has been made into pictures Manager Shobe has, after quite a little difficulty, secured it for his patrons, and no doubt will be a splendid drawing attraction as all who took part in it when played here will want to see if the other fellow that took

the same part in this picture does their turn right.

Summer is here. There is no mistaking the fact. Calendars may declare otherwise, and the weather may deny the fact, but summer is here just the same. The croquet fans rolled out the balls yesterday afternoon and started the old army game. There will be a crowd over in the southeast corner of Court Park every afternoon from now until snow flies.

School News. A very appropriate patriotic meeting was held the school house Friday morning, the occasion being the raising of the new flag on the recently perfected flag pole. The program was in charge of the Junior Class and consisted of the following numbers: "Star Spangled Banner" sung by all the pupils; speech by Vincent O'Neil; "Pledge of Allegiance" by all the scholars; Pledge of Girls Loyalty by Josephine Brown, and reading by William Ross and Florentina May. America was sung by all and Rev. Harper led a prayer. The flag is 8x13 feet and was purchased by the high school and grammar grades. It is raised every morning at sunrise and lowered at 6 p.m. and no boy passes it without saluting by removing his hat.

Kentland Lands New Seed Corn Industry. Ainsworth and Ainsworth to Erect Large Five Story Seed House. W. T. Ainsworth and H. G. Ainsworth of the firm W. T. Ainsworth and Sons, Mason City, Illinois, will locate a large seed corn house in Kentland this summer. These gentlemen along with R. M. Ainsworth, member of the Mason City firm, were in Kentland last week looking over the ground, and before leaving acquired two lots on Seymour Street on which they will erect their seed/house. The lots purchased were the Noble and Hubertz lots facing the Pennsylvania depot, and work on the plant will commence early in May. H. G. Ainsworth, who will be the local manager, will be here this week with the seed corn for farmers, and will locate as soon as he can find a home for himself and wife. The Ainsworths were much impressed with the beauty of the town and the prosperity of the country. They commented especially on the beauty of the homes in Kentland and the clean well kept farms and fence rows of the surrounding country. In selecting Kentland as a place to locate and establish their new seed corn plant the Ainsworths were probably influenced by the fact that we are in the very heart of the greatest corn producing section in the world. Newton County ranks as one of the best corn

counties in Indiana, and being surrounded by Jasper and Benton Counties and Iroquois County, Illinois, the latter ranking second best corn county in the United States, and all of which can be drawn on to supply the new seed house, it is but natural that Kentland should look attractive to them.

Mt. Ayr

John A. Bruck has been awarded the contract for furnishing the plans for the new school house to be erected in Mt. Ayr.

The Jackson Township schools closed last Friday with a good program and exhibition. The school year was one of good feeling among instructors and pupils and much credit is due the trustee in his efforts of looking after the school interests. By the time the fall school opens Mt. Ayr will have a large new school house, one that will be a credit to the township and more room for the different grades.

Foster Brunton is having a large barn built on the old Holly farm northwest of town. It will be 50x40 feet in size, the north side will be for horses and the south side for cattle.

Goodland

Mike Casey and Oscar Purlee of Goodland were trimmed handsomely in the Circuit Court for joy riding. They plead guilty to purloining an automobile belonging to Dr. Bassett and having one heluvatime, while it lasted, and for which they were each fined \$25.00 and costs.

A meeting is called for tomorrow night at Gravel's Skating Rink in Goodland to which all young men who believe in their country and preparedness, and are between 17 and 25 years of age, are invited to attend. The purpose of the call is for military drill. A competent drill master will be provided. A movement has also been inaugurated at Brook for the organization of a company, and the probabilities are that all the count will join in the formation of a company.

Lake Village

A murder and a suicide was the sensation of the hour up in Lake Township Friday. Henry Bruns living about five miles southwest of Lake Village, at some hour during Thursday night, or early Friday morning, shot to death his paramour, Gertrude Harkes, and then committed suicide. The tragedy was discovered by a neighbor who called to borrow a plow.

Morocco

Trustee Timmons was down from Morocco Monday on business at the Court

House. Mr. Timmons has but one arm, yet was driving a new automobile and keeping straight down the center of the road.

Brook

James Davis carries mail to the patrons of route 1. Saturday afternoon he came home with a broad smile and twenty-seven and a half dozen of eggs which had been given to him along the way as Easter gifts. There were goose eggs, turkey eggs, hen eggs and colored eggs, all done up in neat packages. His wife asked him why he did not return at the usual hour and he proved himself a thoughtful Jimmy by explaining that he had taken time to write a note of thanks for every gift. The Davis family had no eggscuse for not enjoying Easter Sunday, though the six-year old daughter thought she might have been a little happier if all the eggs had been colored.

This is the time homes and places of business are flying the flag of varying size and brightness and Mrs. C. V. Hatfield displayed one last week that is a treasure. It is a banner 42 x 94 inches, made by Mrs. Hatfield's grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Brown, who would be 93 years of age if she were living. The flag was made by her in Seven Mile, Ohio, when she was a girl. It consists of seven broad stripes with the blue field containing thirteen stars. The stars are double, making each side of the flag alike and all the work was done by hand. It is faded and worn, but will always be Old Glory and is on display at the public library, a relic of interest to all who know its story.

McClellan Township

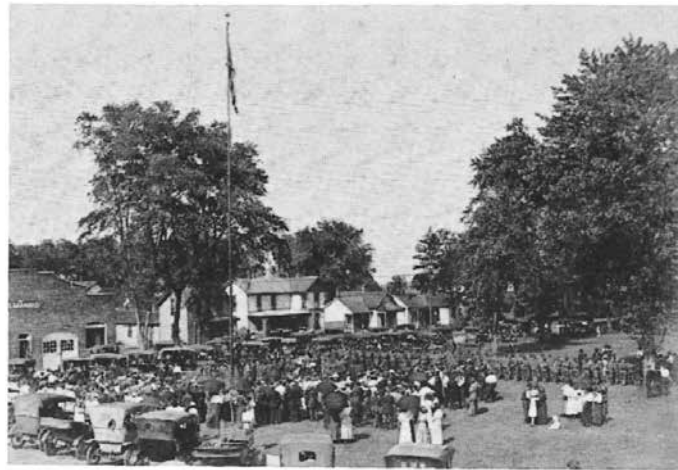
The public schools of this township will close in a few more days. Oak Grove closes Monday, April 23, and Ellis on Tuesday, April 24.

The St. Louis Sugar Co. has put up three new houses in our township. Two of them are in Enos and the third on the Lucas, Lawler & Graves farm. They are for the use of the beet tenders.

Conrad

The Mission of Conrad takes pleasure in announcing that the Rev. J. J. Rankin, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Morocco, will preach in Conrad twice each month. The Mission of Conrad was the first church built in Lake Township and is the only one built and owned by the residents and the only one free from outside control. Everybody is welcome and it deserves the support of all Methodists, and those of every other denomination. We hope for a large congregation to greet the Rev. Mr. Rankin.

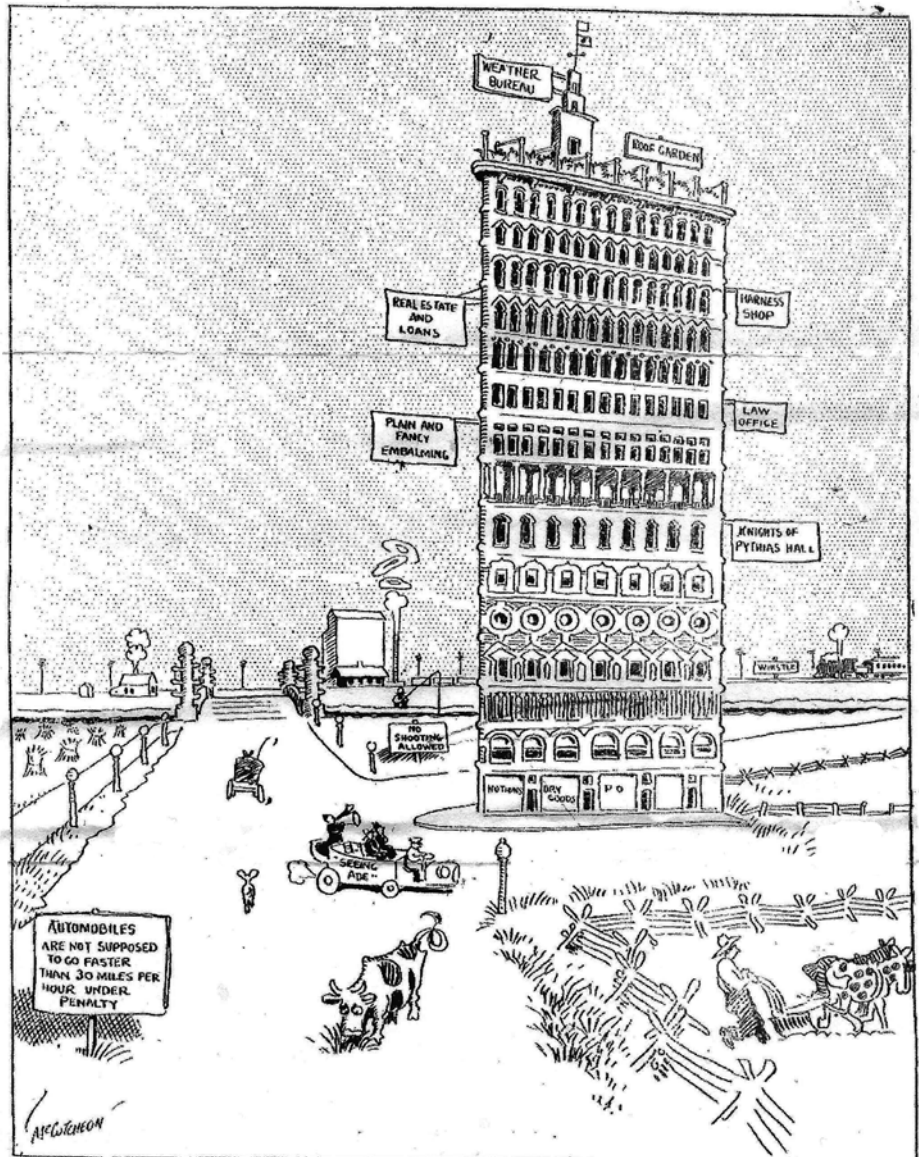
Want Ads: Wanted: Married Couple, without children, immediately. Man for general farm work, woman to take care of post office. Reference and good education required. \$50.00 a month, house rent free. Jennie M. Conrad, Conrad, Indiana



Clarification

In the Winter/Spring 2018 *Newcomer*, page 9 the caption for this photo had the wrong date - it should have read: "Raising the flag and dedication of new flag pole on May 30, 1918. This scene is at the northwest corner of the Court House Square."

The article on page 6 referred to a new flag that was on the top of the courthouse



McCutcheon's Vision of Ade in the Future - Proposed scene in Ade, Indiana after Durham plans, showing proposed sidewalks, proposed flatiron building, proposed subway (not visible in sketch) and proposed bridge over Thompson Ditch.

Dan Blaney of Morocco sent us a copy of an illustration by John McCutcheon regarding the future of Ade, Indiana. Date of the sketch is unknown.

Conrad and Martin Families Continue Brook 4th of July Traditions

Originally posted on Kyle Conrad's facebook page, July, 2018

Let The Parade Begin

I was asked to ring the bell in the July 4th parade a couple times 35+ years ago. It wasn't until after that first time I heard the side story of the bell from my mother. The bell is original to the old Brook school. When the three high schools were consolidated into South Newton, the new powers that be decided to sell the bell for scrap. The new elementary school principal at Brook knew the bell had sentimental significance to the town and approached some of the town fathers informing them that if they didn't want the bell scrapped, it had better disappear from the school. It did, much to the ire of school officials. In 1976 the bell was mounted on a trailer and was used to celebrate this country's bicentennial in the 4th of July parade. It has preceded the parade ever since, alerting the townspeople of the start of the July 4th parade just as it alerted hundreds of children to the start of the school day before that beginning in 1904. Oh, and that rebellious school principal was my father, these girls' grandfather...its only fitting they continue the tradition. **Pictured right, Kyle Conrad's daughters Kara and Lea with the Brook bell.**



1925 Model T Hose/Chemical Truck

The pride and joy of the Brook-Iroquois Township Volunteer Fire Department is our 1925 Model T Hose/Chemical truck. Put into service in late 1925, it made its first run on January 1, 1926. That same year, Clyde "Cider" Martin joined the fire department and actively served our department for over 70 years.

Over the years, Cider was very protective of the Model-T, and I was honored when Cider began "showing me the ropes" on how to operate, drive, and take care of the T. For the past 18 years, after our 1998 restoration, I've had the pleasure to show her off in the Brook 4th of July parade. For the last few years, my guys have asked when I was going to show someone else how to drive the T, and I've made a couple of futile attempts once or twice. Afterall, if I show them everything I know, they won't need to keep me around. But this year was different.



The perfect opportunity presented itself as Cider's great-grandson, Wesley Cook was now a part of our department. So after a few lessons like his great grandfather gave me all those years ago, Wes was put in charge of the T on this 4th of July and managed to get her through the parade flawlessly. As bittersweet as it was, I know that is what Cider was preparing me for someday. And now, we're ready to keep her running for another 90 years. **Left, Cider Martin and Kyle Conrad in Brook's parade; Above, Wes Cook and Kyle at fire station.**


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The Newcomer

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